

Death Guns 1391

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'Hah! My old bones like can't handle this pressure but I'm glad I'm alive to see such a worthwhile scene.'

At this thought, the old man let out a sigh. Even though he was worried about his future, he couldn't help but feel satisfied upon witnessing the sorry state of those high and mighty dark elves. As a human slave in the past, he had suffered endless agony. His legs and even his entire life were thoroughly destroyed by the dark elves. Right now, he was nothing more than the walking dead. But... After witnessing the dark elves' raw blood and hearing their wails, this was the first time he felt so alive, agitated, and excited. It was especially so when Gracier snapped the female mage's neck, to which he shivered from head to toe. The invincible and superior dark elves were slaughtered like pigs by those people.

Who would have expected this day to come?

For the sake of this scene, he felt like it was worth the price of letting them stay in his inn. If the dark elves were to seek revenge on him, he would gladly accept it. At the very least, it was still better than being imprisoned in this dark city like a Deadman. The old man shook his head. The corners of his lips raised to force a smile. Maybe it's time for their retribution, the old man thought as he continued to smile.

Saeko stared at him for a moment before turning to the rest. She seemed to have understood something because in turn the corner of her mouth rose to form a knowing smile.

"You went and had fun as expected."

A sudden voice rang out forcing the old man behind the counter to tremble violently. If previously Gracier's action frightened him, he was even more afraid of Maria as his instinct was telling him that Maria was the most dangerous of the bunch.

Maria stared in his direction for a moment before moving towards the others.

"Yeah! Big sister, I have had a little bit of fun crushing a disgusting bug's head. You should have been there and seen how her head popped. Hehehehehe! It was fun."

Saeko rolled her eyes at Gracier while the others shook their heads.

Maria chuckled before snapping her fingers and a barrier was erected around the group. Her eyes became serious as she raised this question.

"I hope the one you killed is enough big to make the real deal to act?"

"Of course, she is. Although a bug, her strength wasn't weak. She is the owner of a Gift which means she is the daughter of one of the matriarchs. Knowing how they like to keep the face from the information gathered, we should be facing one of them soon now that we killed an important member of theirs."

Gracier went on and elaborated. It was a funny sight to see, this also means she hadn't killed that female mage out of rage but purposely targeted her. Not only she is strong she can also use her brain when needed. Maria had said to take care of any problem that would arise when they were upstairs checking their rooms.

"That is good then. I knew you'd do it." Maria complimented Gracier before continuing. I think you should take a look at pandasnovel.com

"So, what do you girls think of this mission?"

There was a moment of silence as if each member of this group was thinking before answering and finally, after what seemed to have been an eternity Sakuya opened her mouth and instead of responding directly, she raised another question.

"Your real question is what the real purpose of this mission is right?"

Maria rolled her eyes at her, she knew her best friend the best while she already understood what her aim is, she was still playing. While it was irritating Maria calmed down and nodded.

"Indeed that's right."

"I see!" Sakuya said and simply closed her eyes as if deep into contemplation. Maria clenched her fingers so hard that they almost whitened, if she hadn't done this she wouldn't have resisted punching Sakuya's face and beat the shit out of her but now wasn't the time. Maria vowed to personally this sister of hers a lesson later.

Luna observed the interaction between the two with a smile. This brought up some memories but before she would start reminiscing someone interrupted her, it was none other than Pandora who hadn't spoken a word since they arrived in Gandor.

"I think the real purpose of this mission is to test water."

"Hoh!? Do elaborate." Maria said while the others looked at Pandora interested in her explanation.

Pandora nodded before she started her explanation.

"While from an outsider's perspective, this is a simple investigation mission in this place, the truth is far from this. This is Gandor, a small place ruled by dark elves hostile to the other elves and the outside world. While previously it was not to the extent that necessitate the royal family's intervention, in recent years it has worsened. Pillage, slaves, and other inhumane activities have become this city's forte. They become reckless, too reckless even. While I believe they weren't so foolish to do that because of jealousy, I'm sure it was because someone is behind them. They got a powerful backer for them to turn this reckless."

Pandora stopped for a moment and emptied her glass of wine before continuing.

"The royal family could have dispatched an elite to get rid of this tumor but by doing so they will earn the resentment of the other hidden group of Dark Elves. While not all of them were like this, by directly eliminating this the others could join hands and rebelled. This is something that must happen, especially with a lot of spies hidden in the empire waiting for the smallest chance to ignite an internal war, so the only solution left is to borrow external help. For example, hiring a group of powerful adventurers to

investigate the recent dungeon that appeared. This group of mismatched adventurers would surely attire attention and the prideful dark elves would attack, this group will then respond in self-defense killing them as they carried their mission. Our real mission is to get rid of the powerful dark elves and if we could by mistake find some connection with some external force while carrying out our mission, it will be a plus as this could give the royal family the perfect excuse to clean this place. Is my analysis wrong?"

"Not all." Maria immediately responded with a smile after Pandora's lengthy explanation.

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"It is exactly as Meera, I mean Pandora explained. We are here to clean up, to reduce the probability of this city stabbing back the others when things will become serious. The dice have been cast, what's left is to wait for the enemy to play in our hands and I have the feeling that it won't be long since a real powerhouse will appear." Sakuya added before she empire her glass and let out a satisfied sound.

While it was harder for one to get drunk as one level goes higher you could still enjoy drinking and the wine brewed in this place is one of the finest on the continent.

Gracier, Luna, and Saeko both nodded as they shared the same thought as the rest. Just as they were about to order again Gracier threw her head back, her eyes passed through the door and locked into the street before her lips curled up to form an evil grin.

Saeko shuddered when she saw this grin while Sakuya said.

"As expected a big shot came."

Gracier exchanged a look with Maria, the latter nodded before Gracier disappeared leaving the others to catch up.

Meanwhile, outside, the bustling streets became deserted. No one was brave enough to obstruct the dark elf army at this moment. A woman gripped the seven-headed snake whip, bit her lip, and glared

fumingly. No one dared to go against the matriarch. They curled up by the side in fear, terrified that the matriarch would vent her frustration out on them.

Light green, flowing hair hangs over a full, lively face. Round golden eyes, set high within their sockets, watch readily over the families they've looked after for so long.

Several moles are spread unusually across her forehead and leave a captivating memory of her adventurous love life.

This is the face of Nilerea Nightgaze, a true warden among dark elves. She stands towering above others, despite her delicate frame. She is after one of the matriarchs.

Nilerea didn't want to stand out among the group. Just like any other matriarch, she hoped to observe the battle from a safe distance, while other families tossed about with one another below. However, the best-laid plans of mice and men often went awry. Nilerea didn't expect her youngest daughter to be so foolish as to probe the other party's strength, leading to this big disaster.

'If that b*tch were here, I swear to inflict eternal pain on her, banish her entirely, and turn her into a mincemeat!'

But it was a pity that the corpse of her naive daughter was nowhere to be seen, so Nilerea couldn't even vent her frustration on it.

Even though she was itching to chop her naive daughter into minced meat to feed wild creatures, what should be done had to be done. If she didn't want her name to be taken off the book by the council and to lose her status as a matriarch, she would need to do something to secure the status and dignity of her family.

That was why Nilerea had no choice but to mobilize all her forces. This time, not only were the elite forces of her family involved, but all members were also gathered. This was a little trickery of dark elf families. After their daughters grew up, matriarchs would allow them to establish their own families. Not only could the newer families replace them in eliminating threats, but they also ensured the stability of the matriarchs' dominance. As a matter of fact, in this City, almost more than half of the families were supported by and connected to the top matriarchs. This time, she didn't avoid any suspicion to send them out, which went to show how ambitious this matriarch of the fourth family was... Or perhaps, just how arrogant she was... It was tough to figure out whether the thought of her implicating the entire city to be buried with her even existed in her mind.

Humans slave crowded the streets as they marched in large strides. Some wielded shields before them, while the rest, the burly one behind them clutched hammers. A fully-equipped dark elf army occupied the rear, guarding the advanced female mage among them. This was the standard formation for the dark elves. They wouldn't put themselves in danger but instead manipulate a large number of slaves to diminish the enemies' strength before dealing the lethal, final blow themselves. Due to that reason, the dark elves flourished the whips in their hands to spur on the creatures before them. Under such intimidation, the human slaves naturally had no way of resisting. The only output for them was to take it out on the enemies and use their deaths to prove their existence in this world.

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All of a sudden, a petite figure appeared in front of the huge crowd. Gracier sauntered ahead. The bright flame coalesced into several golden flames that hovered around her, metamorphosing into an unbreakable barrier. Gazing at the heavily-armored enemies, she revealed an excited and sinister smile. She clenched her tiny fists, squinted, and widened her mouth.

"Heh, heh. Please don't die so soon."

Gracier then snarled, raising and swinging her right fist abruptly.

"-----!"

A glaring light beam exploded from her fist, blasting straight at the army of monsters ahead. Facing this sudden, oncoming brilliance, the humans were completely devoured before they even reacted. In an instant, brilliance occupied the entire space, enveloping the dark, underground city in a whiteness that was as bright as daylight.

The blinding light wreaked havoc on the dark elves' formation.

In an instant, the somewhat-neat formation crumbled. The human slaves were sent flying in the far distance. Upon realizing that something was amiss, bursts of black mist erupted to enfold the streets.

In the blink of an eye, there was nothing except darkness. This was also the innate skill of the dark elves—Dark Mist. They could create a mass of darkness that not even magical spells could penetrate and conceal themselves within it.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Shortly after the dark elves released the dark mists in a panic, a series of rumbles and explosions echoed as a dazzling, white flame column appeared above them. Then, it slammed the ground like a gigantic hammer. Not only did the power eradicate the darkness, but it also smashed the dark elves into bits. Gracier withdrew her right arm and let out an evil laugh. At the next moment, she dashed straight into the hectic battlefield like a streaking meteor, crashing into her victims.

Boom!

Before one of the unfortunate duergars figured out the situation, it was plowed into a lifeless corpse underneath Gracier's feet. In this thunderous explosion, the surroundings couldn't help but rumble, where cracks spread across the weaker building walls. The mighty impact proliferated in powerful airwaves, striking and blasting away monsters that couldn't evade in time. In an instant, the area around her was cleanly swept. Apart from the spider web-like fissures underneath her feet, there was nothing else left.

But at that moment, the remaining dark elves finally launched their attacks.

The instant Gracier landed on the ground, several razor-sharp, pitch-black, and seemingly modified blades struck at her. The dark elves' swordsmanship was top-notch, especially in terms of speed and accuracy. Not only that, but the blades of their swords were also smeared with a lethal poison that could seal one's throat. Just a scratch from the blade would be enough to send one into the abyssal of death... But it was a pity that they were dealing with a rock-hard enemy right now.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

In a string of crisp rasps, the invisible barrier negated all threats mercilessly. The strong recoils from the blades forced the dark elves back by half a step. Despite that, they instinctively extended their arms to strike again. But at that moment, Gracier retaliated.

"Oh, This is truly fun!"

She chuckled, truly amused by the sudden development. She raised and spread her arms to the side. Along with this action, innumerable, white flame-like light beams erupted around the transparent barrier, dispersing in all directions and ramming into the dark elves. Even though the dark elves wore magical armor that was highly resistant to ordinary magical spells, it was a pity that Gracier was someone extremely blessed when it comes to the Fire attribute, and the composition of her spells was fundamentally different from magical spells. Not only that, currently she switched to White Flame, which is like 'holy light', meaning the White Flame was blessed by holy attributes, which made it a perfect match against these wicked dark elves. As soon as the white light beams slammed onto the dark elves, they would feel as though red branding irons were pressed against their skin at once, where not even the well-trained dark elves could withstand this agonizing pain. As blood-curdling screeches filled the air, the encirclement of the dark elves disintegrated entirely like a broken eggshell.

"Oh no!"

Looking at this scene, the bewildered female mage who was protected at the rear turned ashen. As a spell caster, she understood more than the males just how powerful Gracier's attack was. Even though she was mentally prepared for such an extent of attack, the White Flame's terrifying holy power made her tremble in fear. But now wasn't the time to be terrified. The moment the encirclement shattered,

she raised her snake whip and yelled out evil incantations. Shortly after, the pitch-black and ice-cold energy of death coalesced on the tip of the three-headed snake whip. Then, she snarled and flourished the long whip.

Whoosh— —!

The dark, sinister energy of death metamorphosed into a gigantic viper that widened its jaw and pounced on Gracier. She who was seemingly unable to react in time was swallowed by the viper entirely.

'Yes! I did it!'

Looking at her success, the female mage cheered inwardly. This was one of the most powerful spells she mastered. Any life form that came into contact with the darkness of death would have its energy absorbed in the shortest time possible, before drying up into an ice-cold, lifeless corpse...

However, before the female mage completed her smile, a dazzling, white flame flashed past her eyes.

Boom!

In the blink of an eye, the enormous viper exploded into bits of fragments. The burning, holy energy surged like blazing flames, devouring the snake whip in the female mage's hand. The female mage gaped, but at the same time, a petite, jade-white fist grew in size as it enveloped her vision.

In a loud bang, the female mage's skull was like a watermelon smashed by a baseball bat. Her beautiful face was completely crushed. One of her perfect eyes fell out of its socket and dropped to the ground. But at the next moment, it was squashed by a boot that landed on it!

"Splendid!"

Gazing at the corpse that was spurting blood from the neck and falling backward to the ground, Gracier nodded in pleasure and raised her bloodied right hand high in the air.

"Not bad."

While Gracier vented her frustration, the fronts on the other side also showed overwhelming dominance and superiority as one would have expected of Alex's group.

"Earth become my shield!"

Pandora chanted a small brown shield appeared in her hand before sprinting ahead briskly. The Earth shield in her hands expanded and wrapped around her like a safety fence.

"Wind protect me!" She chanted again while running into the enemy.

Blustering green winds also formed a sturdy wind barrier with the young lady in the middle, keeping out all threats. Not only that, but thick stone skin also covered her entire body. At that moment, Pandora was like a bulldozer baring its fangs and brandishing its claws as she crushed her way through. As a matter of fact, this was indeed the case. She couldn't care less about who was in front of her, even if the other party was also another elf of a different color.

The instant both parties clashed, Pandora expanded her shield and wind barrier and charged ahead. This strategy showed some obvious, positive results. The dark elf army, which didn't expect Pandora to act this recklessly, broke out in a fluster. Although the dark elves also raised their shields to resist her, before they came into contact with her, they were engulfed and swept away by the wind barrier like home runs. Meanwhile, the soldiers who weren't struck off by the wind barrier didn't have it any better. They waved their weapons in vain to stop the elf with white hair from trampling them down, but in the face of a gigantic, steaming bulldozer, how much damage could muscles and flesh inflict?

Absolutely none.

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The plight of the enemy was the best evidence for this scenario. They swung their weapons in despair, but were blasted away by the wind barrier before even scratching the Pandora. The dark elves' arrows weren't effective either. Even though the knives and arrows they released managed to pass through her wind barrier, they were stopped completely by the hard stone layer of skin on Pandora.

She never stopped or noticed her surroundings. She simply lowered her head and charged forward like a roaring flood that kept going on and on until everything was completely submerged. The earth trembled underneath her feet. Strong houses were razed to the ground helplessly by the violent whirlwinds. Wherever she went, there would be nothing left except flattened ground and corpses buried within them.

Pandora continued her onslaught before abruptly stopping and as if in a trance her eyes became redder and a dark aura surrounded her before receding into her body.

During this short period, something unexpected happened, first of all, Pandora found herself in what seemed to be a basement of a laboratory, the strangest thing was the fact that she was dying at the moment.

'This is it. This is the end, isn't it? Blood keeps dripping to the floor beneath me, hundreds of drops like a crimson rain of death. Yes, this is it, this is the end.

I can survive this, I know I can. I'm still standing, that counts for something right? Right. So now what? I can't move, I'm too tired, too weak.

How long have I been here? How much longer will this take? There must be something I can do, right? There must be a way I can still live, I just need to find it. Think, think. There must be a way.

I can't breathe, I can't breathe. Everything is so heavy, I can't breathe. I must lay down, yes, I'll just lay down. Much better, at least now I can breathe. A little anyway. That's fine, help will be here soon, I'll just lay here and wait. At least this way I'll spare my energy.

This is it. I know it. This is the end of me, there's no saving me, not anymore. So be it. I'm going to die, I accept it. I have no choice anyway, so I might as well. Just let it be over quickly, I don't want to linger.

I can't feel anything, anything at all. Everything is numb, it's oddly comfortable. I can't move anything either, but at least there's no pain. I can't feel anything.'

She then closed her eyes and found herself in a dark space where a frightening cold aura of death resided, this aura entered her body, and for a moment she could hear her comrades anguished wails as they got tormented before dying.

[New Attribute awakened!]

There was a sudden notification sound followed by her status window appearing without her consent.

[Pandora (A/N: Formerly known as Meera)]

Class: Spirit User

Age: 45

Female

Race: Elf ????

Rank 15 [Demigod]I think you should take a look at paNdasnovel.com

Level 187

Experience Value: ????

Magic Power: 15000/15000

Magic: Wind/Spirit/Darkness

Attack: 5500

Defense: 4900

Agility: 5000

Intelligence: 2700

Luck: 2500

Gift: Osiris' Bracelet

BP: 0

SP: 0

Skills: [Wind Steps Level 5] [Spirit Art Level 7] [Close Quarters Combat Level 5] [Wind Art Level 6] [Sword Art Level 7] [Spirit Art Level 8] [Darkness Art Level 5] (New)

Special Ability: [Wind World] [Land of Death Level 1] (New)

Titles: [Slaughterer] [Spirit Princess] [Huntress] [Slayer] [Avenger] [Death's Priestess] (New)

Pandora immediately understood what happened, she found it ironic what happened but couldn't do anything about it.

She heaved a long sigh as if to say it couldn't be helped, she must stop hesitating and having resolved herself Pandora then extended her arms and along with this action, black mist escaped the land around her. The mist trembled and struggled constantly as though it were self-willed, before slipping back into the ground.

"Land of Death!" She silently mumbled while feeling goosebumps crawling all over her body.

Shortly after, the land 'flattened' by her earlier rose gradually. One by one, twisted and bloodied creatures crawled out of the soil, their eyes glinting in the scarlet and mysterious hue of death. At the next moment, the creatures stood up, turned around, and staggered toward the front.

Meanwhile, not too far away from Pandora someone cursed as she fought against another member of Maria's group, it was Saeko.

"Damn it!"

Gazing at the frantic storm of attacks in the distance, the dark elf mage donned an elegant robe turned grim. She was one of the reinforcements requested by the fifth family. As a matriarch herself, she was once the eldest daughter of Nilerea. But according to the 'traditions' of the dark elves, after doing her best to live 200 years under Nilerea, she earned the right to leave the family and establish her own. And now, after close to 100 years of operation and devouring countless smaller families, she successfully raised her family to the top 20 in rank.

Of course, she also set eyes on bringing her family into the top 10. There was never a moment every daughter who broke away from the matriarch didn't stop thinking about expanding her family and eventually dethroning her mother. There was no such thing as 'kinship' in the values of the dark elves. If they were able to kill their mother and take over her position to inherit her power and authority.

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She was also aware that a 'subordinate family' like hers had given their all to reach their current level. If she acted too conspicuously and the council matriarchs realized her intention of entering the top-tier family, her family would face imminent catastrophe. Perhaps it wouldn't take long before her family disappeared entirely in a mysterious 'battle'.

Due to that reason, when she received orders from her mother, she was extremely excited. As a non-council member, she wasn't aware of the true identity of Maria's group. But it was apparent to her that their existence was a dangerous threat to her mother. If not, her mother wouldn't have allowed her and her younger sister to show up at the same time. However, huge risks also meant huge rewards. If she eliminated the threats, she was certain that she would be rewarded generously by the council!

However, she didn't expect these people to be so crazy to start a battle inside a city of dark elves. It seemed to her that these people from the surface were dumber than she had imagined. She was certain, confident, and sure about the final destiny of these people.

No one can retreat unscathed after taunting the dignity of us, dark elves. They must pay the price for their foolishness and recklessness. My family shall shoot to fame in this battle and become the rising star of Gandor City!! think you should take a look at pa1dasnovel.com

At this thought, the matriarch couldn't help but feel agitated. All of a sudden, she unsheathed a dagger with six blades and returned to her senses abruptly. She turned around and pierced the mysterious dagger into the chest of the male dark elf guard standing beside her. The dark elf guard didn't expect this ambush at all. He widened his eyes in bewilderment, staring at his matriarch in fear and wrath.

However, the matriarch didn't say a word. She presented a cruel smile and gripped the hilt of that menacing dagger. Shortly after, along with this action, the specially-modified six blades on that mystifying dagger rotated and dug deeper into his body. Then, she pulled her arm back and a heart dripping in blood could be seen within the six blades. Shortly after, she raised the dagger and chanted loudly. Along with the incantation, the heart was enfolded in a black mist instantly and began to tremble.

"Halt to my attack!"

The matriarch bellowed and swung the dagger forward with force. Along with this action, three sharp, pitch-black claw marks appeared in midair, slashing toward Saeko in ear-deafening and disturbing whistles. Nothing, not even her guards, in the paths of the three claw marks, were spared as they were shredded by the powerful and mysterious force. Not only that, but the other dark elf private soldiers were also instantly smeared in blood as they collapsed to the ground and howled in torment. At the same time, the three claw marks slammed into Saeko's wind barrier from the front. Looking at the view, the matriarch revealed a prideful smile. She could almost imagine the state of that disintegrated barrier. This was one of the most sinister spells of the dark elves. It was especially so after sacrificing the lives of other dark elves, where it would be strong enough to destroy anything that stood before it!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The three, pitch-black claw marks collided heavily with Saeko's wind barrier. But what surprised the matriarch was that her imagination didn't come true. The claw marks withstood the violent barrier, but failed to rip it apart. On the contrary, even though the wind barrier seemed obviously weakened by her attack, at the next second, strong tempests erupted and thoroughly deflected the claw marks!

"What? How is that possible?"

Looking at this scene, the matriarch couldn't believe her eyes. This was one of the strongest and most terrifying of all evil spells. She was shocked not believing, it should have worked after the sacrifice she made.

Well, that wasn't surprising since there a special invisible shield was hidden inside Saeko's wind shield. It was a shield given to her by her father the King's Shield. Before this legendary shield, the effects of any magical spell would be decreased drastically. Not to mention, the 'King's Shield' also had holy attributes, while magical spells of dark elves were products that belonged to the evil camp. Conflicting attributes had inherent weakening effects, so naturally, it weakened the matriarch evil's attack.

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"What? How is that possible?"

Looking at this scene, the matriarch couldn't believe her eyes. This was one of the strongest and most terrifying of all evil spells. She was shocked not believing, it should have worked after the sacrifice she made.

Well, that wasn't surprising since there a special invisible shield was hidden inside Saeko's wind shield. It was a shield given to her by her father the King's Shield. Before this legendary shield, the effects of any magical spell would be decreased drastically. Not to mention, the 'King's Shield' also had holy attributes, while magical spells of dark elves were products that belonged to the evil camp. Conflicting attributes had inherent weakening effects, so naturally, it weakened the matriarch evil's attack.

"That is all?" Saeko asked with a provocative smile plastered on her face.

Looking at this human girl provoking her, the matriarch couldn't help but fly into a rage. Even though her attack earlier looked clean and straightforward, as a matter of fact, she had also given serious consideration to it. The male dark elf whom she killed wasn't just a guard but was also the powerful expert of the family. As the power of that skill was proportional to the power of the sacrifice, the stronger the sacrifice, the more powerful the skill would be. That was why she lay hands on the expert to coalesce more power into her skill and deal a deadly blow to the enemy. However, the best-laid plans of mice and men often went awry. Not only did her attack fail, but she also suffered a double loss. She lost the expert and consumed half of her magic power, which was utterly foolish!

"Attack those fuckers! Give them hell!"

The matriarch roared in rage. She extended her arm and pointed ahead. Along with her command, five other female mages clad in the same mage robe and floating in the air (A/N: This means they are all Saint Realm experts) began to launch their attacks. They waved the snake whips in their hands and chanted evil incantations. Shortly after, spots of magical light exploded, streaking across the air and flying toward the target. In an instant, magical brilliance scattered and linked together as one.

This time, Saeko finally slowed down. Under the suppression of magic, the powerful wind barrier shrunk, tightened, and spun to coalesce into a defensive barrier of higher quality. Looking at this scene, the dark elves became increasingly frantic. The female mages standing floating in the air continued to chant a curse, brandished the snake whips to abstract energy from the darkness, and released a string of attacks. Under their attacks, the whirlwind barrier shrouding Anne which was four to five meters tall seemed like a tiny boat struggling to stay afloat in the rough waves. It trembled, curled up, and after a few seconds, was buried entirely in the magical brilliance.

"Good, continue! Kill! Kill them all!"

The matriarch couldn't help but gnash her teeth. Her face exhibited her emotions, excitement, and joy. She gazed at the area enfolded in magical brilliance and couldn't spot the presence of wind elements. In the bombardment of the dark elves, Saeko's surroundings were blasted into debris, where even the sturdy stalactite pillars shattered and crumbled one after another. Looking at this scene, the matriarch let out an inward sigh of relief as she felt less nervous.

'Seems like the enemies are indeed powerful, but it's a pity that they underestimated the power of us dark elves! They are asking for death to be going against dark elves in Gandor City! Now, after I check the state of the battle.'

"...!"

At that moment, the matriarch who had let her guard down suddenly noticed a wave of uproar ahead. She couldn't help but pucker her brows and glare at her pathetic slaves.

'What exactly is going on? How dare those bastards stir trouble during such a moment. After the battle ends, I will let them experience the consequences of defying my family!'

"Reporting, Matriarch! This is bad!"

At that moment, a dark elf guard scuttled toward her in a fluster, staring at her.

His dark face almost turned white out of extreme fear.

"We can't withstand the attack of the undead creatures!"

"What?!"

The matriarch was taken aback. At the next moment, a chilliness erupted deep down in her heart without any warning, instantly engulfing her entire body.

It was as if the matriarch's skull had been ripped open, and cold water poured directly into her body. An even more frightening cold air swept through her four limbs, almost causing her entire body to feel cold, and she stood there in a daze.

Undead creatures were considered the nemesis of dark elves. The latter was most adept at poison, sinister spells, and assassination. All these methods were deadly on mortals, but it was an entirely different matter on undead creatures as undead creatures weren't afraid of the dark elves' poison. Moreover, not only could the evil magical spells of dark elves do not eradicate the presence of undead creatures, but it would also strengthen them instead. As for assassinations, if the dark elves were capable of killing an undead creature, one would surely be there to pay one's respect.

Due to that reason, dark elves basically couldn't lift their heads before undead creatures because their proudest skills were useless against them. When the matriarch learned that they were ambushed by undead creatures, she immediately froze on the spot. All of a sudden, she felt like something was amiss. But it was a pity that it was too late.

Innumerable dark figures staggered across the battlefield. These intelligent creatures who walked on two feet lost their original form and turned into wild animals on all fours. Their skin glowing in the luster of life turned ashen, while their soft flesh hardened. They moved in broken bodies that shouldn't have been able to support their movements. The power of the undead imprisoned their souls seized their bodies and gave them a new purpose and lease of life.

Slaughter and death, turning the area into a Land Of Death.

Swish—!

A dark elf brandished his sword. His stance was so splendid and vicious that the blade, smeared with poison, smoothly punctured the eye of an undead dark elf.

Normally, this attack would have been sufficient to kill the victim. But now, the brain-punctured the undead dark elf didn't fall to the ground. On the contrary, it snarled and pounced on the attacker. It hugged and crunched the dark elf's upper thigh to stop his retreat.

"Ahhhhh!"

Upon feeling tremendous pain, the dark elf let out a distressing scream. He withdrew his sword and forced the undead away from him. But at that moment, four to five others crowded and pounced him onto the ground. Then, after the disturbing sound of those creatures tearing at him that left one's hair standing on end, the dark elf stopped struggling. After a few moments, the undead dark elves with blood and flesh hanging from their mouths stood up and stumbled ahead. But this time, there was a fresh voice among them.

"Retreat immediately! Seal off the entire area!"

Upon realizing the dangers, the matriarch instantly decided to retreat. Along with her snarls, the matriarch underneath her feet turned around and flew back toward the stalactite pillars at the rear. After hearing her command, the dark elves swiftly prepared themselves for evacuation. They berated, urged, and sent their slaves to their death while earning themselves a chance to escape. With the opportunity, they dashed toward their family camp.

But suddenly, a violent blast exploded.

Boom!

Green, elemental winds broke the bombardment of magical spells as they rose from the ground and into the air. In an instant, the entire city shook. The dome trembled in the fierce bombardment and pieces of gravel fell from time to time. Some dark elves who couldn't evade in time were crushed to death by heavier boulders that landed from above. The massive airwaves sent many dark elves rolling on the ground. At that moment, the matriarch turned around and hurriedly glanced at the situation.

Then, she witnessed a scene that she could never forget.

An enormous, big wyvern, eight to nine meters tall and emanating elemental brilliance, appeared before her very eyes.

Staring at the enormous beast, the matriarch broke out in cold sweat. Perhaps ordinary dark elves wouldn't know what that monster was, its true identity, but as someone knowledgeable and also as someone who had lived longer it went without saying that she knew what it meant.

"Wyvern's King!"

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"Wyvern's King!"

A profound and dreadful chill continuously radiated from the wyvern's king body, like an invisible fluctuation that quickly spread all over the sky.

The matriarch was shivering in fear. She couldn't believe that someone was able to tame this beast turning it into her pet. Not only you must be strong, but you must also have an affinity with the beast. It is extremely rare to see someone owing such powerful.

The frightened matriarch couldn't think straight any longer.

"Retreat! Retreat now!"

Sensing the wind element gathering rapidly toward the wyvern on the ground, the matriarch flinched and her expression turned exceedingly ugly. As soon as the wyvern manipulated the wind element of this place, the dark elves would undoubtedly turn into fish on the cutting board, ready to be slaughtered. Even though dark elves mastered unique magical arts, they relied upon the power of nature, after all. And now, as the elemental power leaned toward the other side, their fate had been determined.

The matriarch trembled in the air desperately in the most embarrassing manner of her whole life. She didn't even look back to witness the plight of the guards and slaves who were resisting the enemy. Because without the need of turning around, she knew that they wouldn't be able to survive.

It was just as she expected.

The deep, heavy air expanded while the huge wyvern sauntered forward. Along with its movement, all the buildings lined up in its path were as though crushed into powder and flattened by an invisible

bulldozer. Meanwhile, before the dark elf guards and slaves inflicted any damage to the wyvern, they held their throats with their hands and collapsed with ashen expressions. The surging wind element gradually coalesced toward the wyvern's king like courtiers having an audience with the sovereign king. The shimmering green brilliance metamorphosed into layers of bright barriers that enfolded the wyvern. At a glance from a distance, the phenomenon seemed just like a tornado that connected heaven and earth, leaving one shuddering in fear.

"Haa... Haa..."

The matriarch felt her steps getting heavier. The entrance was less than 50 meters away and she would normally be able to complete the sprint in the blink of an eye. But now, she felt like her body was so heavy, as though her limbs were injected with lead. She widened her mouth and panted for air, but couldn't feel any oxygen entering her body. The burning and stinging pain in her lungs magnified, spreading toward other parts of her body. Shortly after, the matriarch's vision turned blurry. She lifted her head in a daze, trembling as she stretched out her arms. The exquisite door engraved with a magnificent statue was right before her eyes.

'Five more steps... Just five more steps and I can return to the safety of my home. Then, I will have the chance... the chance to...'

BOOM!

The matriarch's consciousness came to an end. Before she reached her hand out for the heavy door, she plunged to the ground head-first and stopped breathing. But this was still the better outcome. At the very least, she didn't need to witness the destruction of the family that she took great pains to build.

Meanwhile, unlike what the wyvern would have usually done by flying in the air instead, he was walking to taunt the enemy making them more afraid. The wyvern continued to saunter forward, but its surroundings were dead silent.

Most enemies ended up just like their matriarch. The lack of oxygen made them fall into a coma. It could also be said that as the wind element gathered to the wyvern's king, the air around it had become extremely thin. In such an environment, one couldn't maintain normal breathing, not to mention when one needed to take in more oxygen for attacks. The dark elves in the distance initially decided to shield the matriarch. However, they didn't expect the enemy to have such strong control over the wind element that they couldn't even chant their curse. Even if they could, their voices were so soft as though they were whispering. Before the curse was completed, they were already gasping for air. If it weren't for the fact that they retreated in time, perhaps they would have followed the footsteps of their matriarch.

At that moment, the enormous white wolf arrived at the stalactite pillars. It narrowed its eyes to stare at them and lifted its head abruptly.

"Roar——!"

Along with this roar, the air around the wyvern trembled. Airwaves diffused in visible ripples with the wyvern's king in the center, erupting in the surroundings.

In a string of explosions, the ground crumbled. The outer walls and door that should have been strong enough to withstand explosions crumbled like fragile pieces of cheese. The stalactite pillars that were the foundation of the family building rocked and trembled, while lines of spider web-like cracks spread across their surface. The wyvern's king extended its front claws and slammed the stalactite pillars.

Everything ended.

Gazing at the fluttering sand and billowing smoke from a distance, the dark elves exchanged gazes with one another speechlessly. They were the only survivors who escaped in time. They were also fortunate to be serving as the support in the battle and placed by the rear. That was why the moment they realized that the situation was getting out of hand, they turned around and fled immediately, barely escaping disaster, and didn't end up like their pitiful matriarch. But even so, the dark elves couldn't help but shudder in fear at the sight of their family's crumbling honor. In Gandor City, even though it wasn't news that dark elf families slaughtered and demolished one another, they were good in assassinations and ambushes. The dark elves disdained the method of confronting enemies like how Pandora charged around like a violent cavalryman.

However, they didn't expect to fall into this battle style that they looked down upon.

Looking on helplessly at their collapsing home, the dark elves felt intense fear. For the first time, the absolute difference in strength made them suspect whether adhering to the dark elves' creed was the right choice all along. Dark elves always looked down upon frontal attacks and thought that only slaves would deploy that strategy. Assassination, murder, and betrayal were the arts they insisted upon. But now, they started to doubt if relying upon them was able to strengthen them.

Boom!

Another stalactite pillar collapsed, crushing three to four other pillars in bursts of dust. Looking at this scene, the dark elves were entirely speechless. Of course, they knew that the other pillars didn't belong to their family, but were owned by the Nilerea family instead. The family had intended to sit this one out and reap the spoils later.

Bet they didn't expect themselves to be implicated.

"What should we do?"

After a few moments, one of the dark elf mages asked helplessly. This was the first time she revealed fright and despair on her pretty face. Upon hearing her question, not only did the other dark elf not mock her timidity, which was uncharacteristic, but also displayed a face full of uncertainty.

"I think we should report the situation to Matriarch Nilerea right away..."

"..."

After hearing her answer, the other dark elves remained silent, exchanged looks with one another, and nodded. Shortly after, the dark elves vanished into the darkness.

Meanwhile, the wyvern's king that was set free after a long time continued his rampage. The reason it appeared here was to show its strength to further throw the enemy into chaos. This was Maria's decision and Luna approved it, it was why she sent the wyvern's king here to wreak havoc.

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Boom!

As the wyvern's king swung its claws, the trembling stalactite pillars finally collapsed to the impact. In an instant, huge fragments fell from the peak and landed heavily on the ground. After the last stalactite pillar crumbled, the land finally restored its peace. At that moment, the towering wyvern's king lifted its head, scanned the surroundings, and shuddered. Shortly after, it shrunk swiftly as though it were under the influence of a shrinking spell. The tall monster twisted and contracted in shape and Saeko could hold. As the wyvern's king vanished, the air around it rapidly restored its usual state.

"Wow! So overpowered."

Saeko was shivering recalling how the small thing inside her arms slaughtered people and destroyed things so easily, it was overpowered.

"It's finally over. Have you finished with your task?"

"Yes, Miss Saeko."

Upon hearing Saeko's question, Pandora emerged from the shadows silently and answered.

Pandora lifted her head and scanned the ruins. She squinted and her scarlet eyes glinted with a trace of an ice-cold smile.

"I leave and let you finish your next job." Saeko declared before leaving with the small wyvern's king.

Pandora stared at their departing backs before sighing.

"Land of Death!"

Putting up a cunning and sinister smile, she raised her arms. Along with this action, faint, red mist exuded from her body, rolling and expanding to the surroundings. In just a few moments, the red mist became denser and heavier, while mournful wails echoed within. Then, shriveled and ugly specters emerged from inside one after another. Looking at this scene, her smile turned elegant and mesmerizing. She seemed to have turned into someone entirely different upon activating this skill.

"Dark elves, it's time to experience the terror of this lady."

While Pandora mumbled under her breath, innumerable corpses crawled out of the ruins. They widened their scarlet eyes and let out heart-wrenching screams.

The shadows of death spread in silence, shrouding the entire Gandor City.

But it was a pity that the dark elves who survived didn't notice them.

•••

"What did you just say? Say that again?"

Nilerea was wide-eyed. She stared at the three dark elf mages in disbelief. No matter what, she didn't expect this news at all. Not only did the family established by her once eldest daughter fail to resist the enemies' attacks, but they were also annihilated and their camp crumbled completely?! What kind of sick joke was that?!

Of course, Nilerea learned from her intelligence network that the enemies who entered the city were formidable. But what kind of threat could a group of less than ten members possibly pose to her? No matter how powerful they were, they shouldn't be able to defend against a sea of slaves and the assassinations of dark elves, wasn't it?

But now, it seemed like the enemies had indeed succeeded.

A powerful pet, a wyvern's king as a pet to boot.

Nilerea couldn't help but turn pale. But she was also glad that she was fortunate enough to not be involved as Wyvern's king was a terrifying existence. Even though most spell casters within dark elf families had entered the late Saint Realm, there were only a handful of spell casters who transcended to peak, one step into the Demigod realm possessed the strength and ability to defeat such beast. Based on the current situation, only the matriarchs of the top families had acquired such power. But despite that, it was tough even for Nilerea herself to defeat this monster. Perhaps she might need to try her best to stand a chance, not to mention her daughter.

This spells trouble. A quite big one at that.

Nilerea abandoned the thought of her daughter's death, as well as the destruction of her family. Losing a daughter wasn't anything huge to her and she was also clearly aware of her daughter's wild intentions.

Back then, Nilerea killed her mother and gained her current status and authority. In this case, according to the dark elves' traditions and moral values, it was only considered genuine 'filiality' that her daughter also came up with conspiracies to deal with her. The reasons why she dispatched her two daughters into battle were to diminish their strength and also stop them from growing too strong and threatening her. Nilerea had reached her goal now and achieved more than she expected. She didn't need to worry about her daughters slitting her throat from the back anymore.

But despite that, the price she paid was rather hefty.

Shortly after, she threw this matter to the back of her head. She wasn't having it any better either. Even though she had sent out two-thirds of her army to the battlefield, the report from the front baffled her. In less than 10 minutes, she was informed of the death of four mages through spiritual connections. The dark elf mages weren't just ordinary spell casters but were elite confidants who she groomed. Every one of them was in the peak Grandmaster realm.

Nilerea had groomed a total of 12 mages in the Grandmaster Realmd. They were also the pillars of support for her family to stay relevant within the top families in Gandor City. And this time, for safety's sake and also to display the deterrence of her family, she sent out seven of them to lead the battle in the front. She thought that with so many guards and formidable mages, those measly surface humans should be taken care of effortlessly.

But to her bewilderment, four out of the seven mages died in the blink of an eye. Not only that but judging from the current situation using the spiritual connections, the four of them also died in less than a span of three minutes! In other words, they were slaughtered by the mysterious enemies before they even had the chance to retaliate!

Nilerea was trapped in a dilemma. Her feeling of gladness was long gone as it seemed like the enemies were far more powerful than her. Currently, she only had two choices. The first choice was to retreat and send out someone to make peace with the enemies immediately. Although this would hurt the reputation of her family, which was ranked fourth in Gandor City, it could ensure that her family avoided disaster, at the very least. As long as there was time, she could rise to the top again.

The second choice was to fight to her death with the enemies. It would be best if she succeeded. But if she failed, the consequences would be unthinkable.

The powerful and cunning matriarch who couldn't even blink an eye to sacrifice her daughter, and kill her mother was currently in great trouble as she gnashed her teeth tightly. Things have sincerely gotten worse. She gripped the seven-headed snake whip in her left hand while clutching the chair handle with her left hand. In an instant, the entire hall fell into a dead silence. No one spoke a word as they gazed at their matriarch meticulously. Everyone was aware that the family was in dire straits.

While the matriarch was lost in thoughts considering how to get out of her current predicament something unexpected happened. As the saying goes, disaster comes in pair.

"Reporting, Matriarch!"

All of a sudden, a dark elf guard scrambled into the premises. His scream shattered the peace of the hall. Nilerea couldn't help but dwindle her thoughts and stare at the guard.

"We received news from the front—the 20th family alliance has been utterly defeated!"

Nilerea's heart sank into the ice-cold bottom. Her vision was enveloped in total darkness. But as the honorable dark elf matriarch, she returned to her senses immediately. She forced herself to not reveal any expression, stood up solemnly, and gazed at the guard.

"Tell me exactly what happened!" She demanded as her face was white, she was trembling at the moment unable to believe her eyes. This must be a nightmare she constantly mumbled under her breath.

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If it were considered a nightmare for the dark elves to take on Pandora, it would be utter hell for them to face Sakuya.

"Fufufufu!"

The young lady flourished her bloodied katana, slashing blade rays one after another across the air. As she strolled, the katana covered in wind blades bore a resemblance to the razor-sharp teeth of a monster tore at the dark elves' flesh. Scarlet and viscous blood and flesh splattered on the ground with every swing of her blade. At that very moment, fear and despair were written all over the faces of the dark elves.

In the beginning, the dark elves disregarded her as they focused on Maria but the latter disappeared leaving Sakuya to take care of them. It was then they learned the meaning of lunatic.

In an instant, the situation turned even more chaotic. Sakuya shuttled across the battlefield with a burst of crazy laughter as she rammed into the dark elves and slaves that refused to back down, she ripped them apart with her blade and sunk in the joy of trampling over their corpses. It was this feeling of happiness that left the dark elves shivering with chills. Dark elves also loved massacres, but the enjoyment came from the benefits behind them because successful massacres could promote their statuses, eliminate competitors, or accomplish their family's missions. It was this feeling of satisfaction that dark elves were so passionate about in assassination and 'backstabbing'. But they didn't expect there to be someone who purely gained pleasure from slaughtering, massacring, and the process of seizing one's life. The dark elves felt chills running down their spines at the sight of Sakuya brandishing her katana and shredding her victims mercilessly. Her eyes glinted in joy as the slaves screamed and howled to their deaths.

The mage attacked by releasing powerful fireballs which engulfed Sakuya making it seem that the flame devoured her, the dark elves thought for a moment to have succeeded.

Swish— —!

Her katana swung out and dissipated the smoke. Before the dozen dark elves reacted, a shadowy figure flitted across. In an instant, their upper bodies flew up into the air, while their internal organs and scarlet blood splattered all over the ground. Looking at this horrific scene, the dark elves at the back turned ashen and quickly retreated. However, another whistling gust of blade wind dispersed the rolling smoke around the young lady as she stood before them once again. This time, the dark elves couldn't help but stare blankly at her.

She darted ahead with her sword and arrived before the dark elves, raising the pitch-black blade and flourishing it from above!

Fast!

Looking at this scene, the dark elves were bewildered. She didn't exhibit such speed earlier. She kept sauntering while swinging her blade across the enemies in her path. Due to that reason, the dark elves subconsciously believed that only her sword swings were quick, while she was slow-moving, however, they soon found out how wrong they were. She moved so fast that they couldn't follow. It was a real massacre in the true sense of the term.

Meanwhile, on Nilerea's side, she was desperate.

Her two armies of reinforcements had crumbled, while the remaining dark elf mages went to her to take refuge. But come to think of it, these dark elf mages weren't outsiders in the first place. Back then, for her to protect herself from both of her daughters' conspiracies, she sneaked a group of spies into her daughters' families to monitor their activities. Due to that reason, it went without saying that these spies weren't devoted to their so-called 'matriarchs' and were the first to hide in the back of the army once battle commenced. That was how they avoided disaster and retreated to report the situation.

Upon hearing their reports, Nilerea was put in a tough spot. She realized she seemed to have made a rather foolish decision. She considered the situation from the perspective of dark elves, so it went

without saying that she thought no matter how strong the enemies were, they were still a small group, after all. As long as she diminished their strength, even if she couldn't annihilate them all, she could still suppress their arrogance and teach them that Gandor City was a city belonging to the dark elves!

And that it was not a place for outsiders like them to act brazenly!

Nilerea was already ashen at the thought of this sentence. She felt as though she were slapped several times in the cheeks, and they were red and swollen now. Not only did she not force the enemies back, but she also sacrificed two families that she groomed with utmost care. Moreover, several smaller families were also implicated and buried in the ground. Right now, it was complete chaos for her.

As the largest city of the dark elves, Gandor was huge. Even though the underground was different from the surface, this city was about the same size as Eris' city and was also divided into districts. Humans resided in the slave district of the outer city. A little deeper inside would be the business district, followed by the district for dark elves. Despite that, as smaller families were weaker in strength, they were situated on the periphery of the inner district, while larger families were based in the core. That was why the inner city was categorized into civilian, lesser-noble, and core districts.

Maria's group was currently located in the business district, while Nilerea's directions of attack came from the civilian and lesser-noble districts. As a result, the three districts were in complete disorder right now. The civilian district was turned into a living hell by Sakuya, where the dark elves were minced, becoming a part of the bloody battlefield without a chance of survival. The lesser-noble district also struggled and eventually collapsed to Pandora's undead army.

Facing the sudden emergence of so many undead creatures, the nobles were unready. They never anticipated a situation where undead creatures would attack them in their city. Moreover, Luna's pet appeared and flattened more than half of the entire lesser-noble district. Saeko's wind element was undoubtedly an attack that ravaged the entire 'map'. As a result, some dark elf families who didn't send out their troops and decided to enjoy the show were killed by the lack of air despite being in the safety of their homes.

The families who survived struggled whilst at death's door. But before they pulled themselves together from the wind element's suppression, they faced an ambush from the sea of undead creatures. Pandora manipulated countless dark elf corpses into becoming her able-bodied soldiers. In the end, those families resisted, but to no avail as they were swept away by the undead army's human wave attack. Meanwhile, those family members who weren't captured struggled and couldn't hold on for much longer.

On the other hand, it was even more miserable for the civilian district. Sakuya was entirely addicted. Other than those dark elves who fled upon witnessing the unfavorable situation from the start, none of the rest escaped.

It wasn't that none of the dark elves tried to escape. But as soon as they tried they got sliced into pieces.

Nilerea was also distressed over a thorny problem. Gracier practically charged her way over and slaughtered anyone who obstructed her. Right now, she had arrived at the east periphery of the lesser-noble district. Judging from her aggression, it seemed like she was about to barge her way into the core district and obliterate all the dark elves. The dark elf army was also utterly defeated by her. This young

lady didn't seem to understand what limit and holding back meant as she eradicated everything in her path. Even if one weren't standing in front of her and were simply unpleasant to her eye, she would still murder one.

This must be a real nightmare.

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On the other hand, it was even more miserable for the civilian district. Sakuya was entirely addicted. Other than those dark elves who fled upon witnessing the unfavorable situation from the start, none of the rest escaped.

It wasn't that none of the dark elves tried to escape. But as soon as they tried they got sliced into pieces.

Nilerea was also distressed over a thorny problem. Gracier practically charged her way over and slaughtered anyone who obstructed her. Right now, she had arrived at the east periphery of the lesser-noble district. Judging from her aggression, it seemed like she was about to barge her way into the core district and obliterate all the dark elves. The dark elf army was also utterly defeated by her. This young lady didn't seem to understand what limit and holding back meant as she eradicated everything in her path. Even if one weren't standing in front of her and were simply unpleasant to her eye, she would still murder one.

This must be a real nightmare.

Gandor's city was in complete disaster. The core district rumbled as all sorts of dazzling, holy bursts of light thundered from time to time. The city was as though torpedoed by bomber aircraft and the dark elves were about to be sent back to the Bronze Age. (A/N: Comparable to Earth's Stone Age.)

Meanwhile, hair-raising screams of victims and roars of undead creatures rang in the south and echoed within the tall, pitch-black cave, leaving one's hair standing. On the other hand, the west was in complete silence like a still, ice-cold cemetery. Perhaps not even the presence of life could be felt, not to mention voices being heard.

It was entirely out of Nilerea's prediction for the city to be tormented to this degree. She didn't expect the enemies to be this powerful to ignore the deterrence of dark elves and launch attacks to eradicate anyone in sight. It was as though the dark elves who terrified everyone in the underground were nothing more than a group of free-range chickens. The enemies just couldn't care less about what the dark elves were capable of.

It was as if Nilerea's skull had been ripped open, and cold water poured directly into her body. An even more frightening cold air swept through her four limbs, almost causing her entire body to feel cold, and she stood there in a daze.

'This feeling.'

At first, Nilerea was enraged. Then, she panicked and was now terrified. It had been a long time since the dark elves tasted this feeling. In the past, even though the empress, Typhania had indeed crushed them once, that happened two hundred years ago as they refused to participate in the war. She could

still feel that overwhelming power their Goddess had, they breathed a huge sigh of relief upon her disappearance but recently she reappeared, which throw them into complete chaos as they were thinking of switching sides. To make things worse some weirdos appeared and currently wreaking havoc in this beautiful city and she was helpless about this situation, so she could only move toward a certain location to seek help to overcome this situation.

Swoosh!

In a certain hall.

Narrow braziers enclosing each of the twelve marble columns light up most of the throne hall and engulf everything in a flickering radiance. The carved symmetric patterns on the askew ceiling dance in the flickering light while sculptures look down upon the porcelain floor of this magnificent hall.

A silver rug splits the entire room in half from the doors to the throne while forked banners with burnished tapestries on the walls. Between each banner sits a small altar full of candles, they've all been lit and in turn illuminate the artistic portrayals of divine beings below them.

Vast, colored glass windows are neighbored by draperies colored the same silver as the banners. The curtains have been adorned with impressive needlework and gilded linings.

Nilerea arrived in this hall after hastily leaving the battlefield.

What gave Nilerea a headache was that the entire hall was in loud clamors before she came up with any counter-solution. She didn't know whether it was due to the continuous failures that made her reputation plummet or that the dark elves forgot the rules out of extreme fear of them breaking out in huge quarrels in the hall.

But what they were fighting over was ridiculous. They were debating which enemy was the most terrifying.

The dark elves who were repelled by Pandora insisted that Pandora and Saeko were the enemies they should worry about the most.

Meanwhile, the dark elves who were fortunate enough to flee from Sakuya stood firm that she was the scariest enemy. They had never seen a crueller murderer than her!

'I think we should get rid of her as soon as possible. If she comes knocking on our door, none of us will be able to escape! So what if it's a Wyvern's King whose strength is comparable to that of Early Stage Demigod? It's just a pet and the top 10 matriarchs should have ways to deal with it.'

'Even if the top 10 matriarchs were to send out humans to deal with the enemies, the former will surely defeat them, not to mention dispatching dark elves. The whole lot of you are exaggerating. In terms of danger, that petite young lady is the most dangerous!

The petite young lady they referred to was Gracier, the petite Elf Lady. She faced the elite army of the fifth family along the way, which was termed one of the best armies in the city.

However, the army was utterly defeated by her and even some advanced mages were killed! Besides, judging from the intelligence they gathered, it was apparent to them that Gracier was the leader of her

pack. Therefore, their priority should be to ally to crush her. As long as they eliminated her, the others shouldn't pose an issue.

The quarrels between the three parties grew fiercer with one despising the other for being timid.

They can't even bear to witness some blood. What an insult to the honor of the dark elves!

The despised party was unwilling to admit defeat either as they reprimanded the other party for fleeing upon witnessing the appearance of the Wyvern's King, claiming that they were weaklings.

'If it weren't for you cowards, our family wouldn't have lost so quickly!'

Meanwhile, the third-party insisted that the other two parties were worthless trash.

'We will show you what true power is! If you were the ones taking on that petite young lady, you wouldn't even dare to even breathe.'

The first and second parties were furious, of course. The first party yelled: "If you have got the guts, go and check out how your matriarch choked to death due to the wind element!"

The second party also berated: "Perhaps you would faint once you witness how the Undead Puppet slaughtered everyone and wouldn't be standing here talking to us now!"

Soon the quarrels between the three parties reached the point where they were about to break into a fight. They didn't even think that their actions had shattered everyone's morale. The dark elves who were stationed in the family premises were already feeling anxious over the constant reports of failure. And now, after learning just how terrifying and powerful the enemies were, they turned as white as a sheet. If it weren't for the exceptionally stern rules of the dark elves, perhaps they would have already made their escape. Even though they stayed around, their morale dived. It was almost certain that if the three parties were to break out into a fight, perhaps many of them would turn around and flee right away.

"Alright, shut up, all of you!"

Nilerea returned to her senses and snarled, realizing that the situation was far from good.

Fortunately for her, she was the matriarch of the fifth family and her prestige hadn't completely gone down the drain yet. Upon hearing her rage, the dark elf mages in heated arguments and about to roll up their sleeves for a fist fight closed their wide-open mouths. They looked at one another anxiously. After venting their frustrations, the dark elves also knew that they were wrong to behave this way. They acted simply like moronic fans who hurled punches at naysayers to protect the image of their idols.

But the problem was that they had no form of 'worship' toward those enemies at all.

'What should we do?'

Nilerea kept considering this question. She hesitated whether she should pull out her forces, but even she wasn't aware whether she could do it in time. She also didn't know whether she held the authority to negotiate with the enemies because they were simply too powerful. Besides, judging from the situation, negotiation didn't seem to be able to bring the enemies any benefits. So what if she were to

give them countless compensations? The enemies were still capable of barging into the treasure house of the fourth family and pillaging everything inside, wasn't it?

No matter what the situation seemed helpless. It was then one of the matriarchs opened her mouth and suggested.

"Let's just have them go to that 'place'."